THE WASHINGTONIAN.

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Strictly Tee-total, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

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POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

For the Washingtonian.

AN ACROSTIC.

Thy glory shines forth, thy star is ascending,
Enlightening minds that were sunken in gloom;
Myriads of hearts now in gratitude blending
Proclaim that thy rays their best feelings illume.
Enslav'd ones have come, and with fetters now broken
Rejoice in liberty, virtue, and peace;
And the Angel of Mercy in kindness has spoken—
Nor mortal can tell where thy triumph shall cease.
Come—come to the standard, 'tis stainless and pure.
Earth echo's a triumph for aye to endure.

Navy Yard. J. W.

From the Autobiography of J. B. Gough.

TWO YEARS AGO.

Written for J. B. Gough by the Rev. John Pierpont.

TUNE—'*O no, we never mention him.*'

Two years ago, a mighty chain
Had bound me to the bowl,
Its links lay burning on my brain
And crushing down my soul;
My mother, far from scenes of strife
Was, in her grave, laid low,
And not a star shone on my life
But two short years ago.

Two years ago, the loafing throng,
That hung around the inn,
Would say—"Come, sing us now a song,
And you shall have some gin."
And I the drunkard's catch would troll,
The lowest of the low,
And then in drink would drown my soul,
But two short years ago.

Two years ago, upon the edge
Of Ruin's gulf I lay:
I woke—I rose—I signed the pledge
Two years ago to-day:
That pledge hath saved my drowning soul,
From sorrow, pain, and woe;
'Twas that, that helped me dash the bowl
Away, two years ago.

And now a glorious sun hath risen
To cheer and bless my soul:
I feel my freedom from my prison—
My bondage to the bowl:
A thousand friends, with anxious care;
Their arms around me throw,
To keep me from the gulf of Fear
I sought, two years ago.

Two years ago, thy name, O God,
I named but to blaspheme;
The holy courts I never trod;—
Forgive me, Power Supreme!
And help me do some little good,
In lifting up the low,
Who now are standing, where I stood
But two short years ago.

SAFETY-BONDS.

"The pledge tee total has its millions sav'd."

GENERAL PLEDGE.

We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to discountenance the cause and practice of Intemperance.

PLEDGE OF THE JUVENILE COLD WATER ARMY OF THE DISTRICT.

'This youthful band	Nor fiery Rum
Do with our hand,	To turn our home
The pledge now sign	Into a Hell,
To drink no wine,	Where none could dwell—
Nor Brandy red	Whence peace would fly,
To turn the head,	Where hope would die,
Nor Whiskey hot	And love expire
That makes the sot.	'Mid such a fire;

So here we pledge unceasing hate,
To all that can intoxicate.

PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a man that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or Cider.

PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.

No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

USEFUL PARAGRAPHS.

COLD CREAM FOR THE COMPLEXION. Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm of each, of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin, over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it with the pestle until it becomes smooth and cold, then add gradually an ounce of rose or orange flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth.

TO EXTRACT GREASE SPOTS FROM SILKS AND COLORED MUSLINS. Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate, filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it; brush or rub it off. Repeat if necessary.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

From Graham's Magazine.

THE PROPOSAL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The Lady Blanche was a beauty and a belle. But more than this—she was an heiress. Need we wonder, therefore, that old barons, as grim as their ancestors' effigies—gay knights, who sported retainers in cloth of gold—and princes of thirty quarterings, from Germany, thronged her castle, and sighed by turns at the feet of the obdurate fair? For the Lady Blanche, though she flatly refused none, was indifferent to all. She treated every suitor, indeed, alike. She had a smile for one, a gay word for another, a task for a third, and for each and all the same tantalizing succession of hopes and fears with which beauties have managed to torment their lovers from time immemorial. To tell the truth, the Lady Blanche was a bit of a flirt.—And Claude Marston found this out to his cost!

As gallant a warrior, as courteous a knight, and withal as poor a gentleman—God help him!—was not to be found in the realm. His ancestors, on one side, had come over with the Conqueror, and, on the other, were lost in the clouds of Saxon and British fable. Their war-cry had rung and their banners flaunted in every battle-field from Hastings to Agincourt. But time had stript them of their possessions, as a sea slowly wastes away some majestic rock, so that Claude Marston, the last of his line, could only claim a solitary tower, with a few roods of land, for his inheritance.

A distant relationship existed between his family and that of the Lady Blanche, and when he had won his spurs, in fulfilment of a long standing promise, he visited Delancy Castle.—Little had Claude thought of love: indeed, he boasted that glory should ever be his sole mistress. Yet he had rare endowments for a lady's bower: he had clerkly skill as well as renown at arms; could tune a gittern as well as couch a lance, and was a minstrel withal. The Lady Blanche, who was accomplished beyond her sex, could not fail to be delighted with the arrival of such a Crichton; and it was not long, in consequence, before she engrossed the chief portion of the young knight's time. Perhaps she hoped to revenge herself on him for his declared indifference to her sex. They read together, rode together, and seemed, indeed, as her jealous suitors said, to be always together!

The ravishing beauty of the Lady Blanche, her playful humor, the grace of her person, and the winning sweetness of her manner, soon made a captive of Claude, most of whose life had been spent in camps, and to whom female society was as new as it was winning. Day and night he thought only of the fair heiress. At first he fancied his affection not otherwise than a cousin's should be; and when he awoke from his delusion, it was to despair. The Lady Blanche was rich and courted; he, poor and unnoticed. She could never be his. Too proud to betray a hopeless passion, he resolved to depart from the castle as soon as possible, and while he remained to set a guard on his looks and tongue, to assume a gayety he did not feel, and even to jest on the folly of love, lest he should be suspected of his secret passion. Once, indeed, he was nearly surprised into betraying himself; for, at times, there was that in the looks or words of the Lady Blanche which almost bade him hope. On one of these occasions he made bold to give her a bunch of rose-buds, tied with a ribbon that he found on her table; and he thought he detected a consciousness in her manner. He took up her splendidly illuminated Petrach and opened at one of the sonnets to Laura. It spoke of undying love.

"Heigho!" she said, with a pretty toss of the head. "*You* do not believe in love! Love's but lunacy under another name; a juggle to cheat maidens out of their freedom. It's an enchanter's lute that lulls us to sleep; but we awake up to find ourselves decked with the cap and bells of the fool. I'll have none of it!"

"You cannot think so," said Claude, earnestly. "Surely, Petrarch loved Laura?"

"Loved her! He loved himself! he loved fame! and wanting a theme to hang his verses on, he took poor Laura for lack of a better. Good honest man! I warrant he thought more of his library than of her charms, and dreaded a fit of rheumatism far worse than her frowns."

"But—"

"But me no buts," said she, stamping her foot with pouting obstinacy. "Men marry to get estates, and women to have husbands. It's well enough for the crowd. But I would be a free falcon, or—" she hesitated, and then added, looking at Claude with a merry laugh—"or be chained in royal mews."

Claude sighed and rose. He saw she had twisted his poor roses nearly to pieces. From that hour he grew reserved, and even haughty, at times, to the Lady Blanche. He could not help it. He strove to appear indifferent, but his spirits would sometimes desert him, and he was either recklessly gay or silent and brooding. He avoided the dangerous morning *tete a tetes*, at first finding some feigned excuse for doing so, but finally abandoning them without any apology. As for the Lady Blanche, she seemed to care little about this pettishness. Of his intended departure she heard with a gay jest: he was going, she said, it was currently believed, to slay the giant Gargantua. Claude was piqued, and grew colder than ever. They never met now but in the presence of others; and then the Lady Blanche seemed to seek for occasions to tease her lover. If he was gay she rallied him—if he was sad she pitied him—and if he was both in the same hour, as often happened, she vowed that men were fickle, but that Cousin Claude was most fickle of all.

If the willful heiress favored any suitor, it was the proud Lord of Waltham. He was still in the prime of life, and at the head of the baronage; and had long loved the Lady Blanche. Every one said that the gay beauty, all along, had made up her mind, when she grew weary of flirting, to wed the Lord of Waltham. Certainly her manner toward him grew more condescending daily: he now filled the post at her bridle rein which Claude once occupied, and often during the evening the pair were left together, as if by that tacit consent on the part of the company with which lovers are avoided. Claude was jealous, though he fancied no one knew it; and his wit found vent at the expense of Waltham, who was rather dull; but, on these occasions, the Lady Blanche would fly to her suitor's aid, and generally discomfitted the assailant.

It was the night before Claude's departure. No one could be more unhappy than he had been for the preceding fortnight; against hope he had yet ventured to hope, and a single relenting word from his mistress would give rise to the most extravagant dreams; but the chilling indifference or merry raillery of the Lady Blanche had at last cured him. On this occasion he was the gayest of the gay. They were talking of a contemplated journey of the fair hostess.

"I think of going around by the border. It is long since I saw it. What say you to it, Cousin Claude? You are as merry as a singing bird to-night, and would be ready, I suppose, to advise me to rush into a lion's den."

"You surely jest," said he, with earnestness. "The border is very unquiet, and you would run great risk of being made captive."

"Why, the man's suddenly become timorous as a monk," said the Lady Blanche, but she blushed slightly notwithstanding. "Think you, noble gentlemen, that a lady of England may not travel in her native realm without fear of capture? What say you?"

"*I* think," said the Earl of Waltham, with a haughty glance at Claude, "That the Lady Blanche may travel anywhere, if she has valiant knights for her escort: and for one I offer my poor sword to defend her."

"What think you of that, Cousin Claude?" said the lady, triumphantly.

"My Lord of Waltham is a brave gentleman," said he, with a low bow, "but I think has never crossed lances with the Scots. I won my spurs against them, and know the people; and I still adhere to my opinion that it would be dangerous for you to undertake that route at present."

The Lady Blanche hesitated, for this earnestness was not lost on her. Indeed, she had, at first, proposed the contemplated route only in jest, but feminine whim, or some hidden motive, had made her persevere in it on hearing Claude's disapprobation. She was now again in doubt. Claude saw his advantage.

"Lady," he said, eagerly, "I know you will not go! Indeed I ask it as a farewell favor."

He was surprised into speaking thus: the instant he had done so he saw his error. The Lady Blanche colored, and then said, with a slight curl of the lip—

"Oh! we forgot that Sir Claude Marston was used to dictating for lady's favors. But, perhaps," she added, looking laughingly around on the rest of the group, "he thinks we may lay our injunction on him, as our good cousin, to go with us, and having no taste for those Scottish broad-swords, would persuade us to travel southward. But never fear—we are a knight's daughter, and dread no foe. So we absolve you from all duty to us, and while you go to play at silken tournaments, our Lord of Waltham, with our squire Sir John Neville, will bear us through the Douglas lances."

The cheek of Claude burned like fire at this galling speech; but the speaker was a lady, and he could take no notice of it. He bowed.

"So be it," he said, with difficulty mastering his rage; and then turned on his heel and walked from the room.

The Lady Blanche had, perhaps, gone further than she intended, for she changed color, but added quickly and gayly—

"Did you ever see such a ferocious animal? And he was once, too, as dainty and well-behaved—you all can testify—as my pet greyhound. What can be the matter with Cousin Claude?"

The young knight was boiling with indignation as he reached his room. It had been the first time he had been thus publicly slighted for the stupid Waltham; but what else, he now asked himself, could he have expected?

"Fool, fool that I was," he said, as he strode to and fro in his apartment. "She thinks, or affects to think, I am a coward. By St. George, I only wish that dolt, Waltham, had dared to add a syllable—I would have made him eat his words."

He chafed thus for nearly half an hour; then his passion, in part, subsided.

"It was a dream," he said, "a dream cherished in spite of a thousand rebuffs; but it is over. Yet, Lady Blanche, I cannot see you fall a victim to your own infatuation. I too will go around by the border, secretly guarding you till you safely reach Durham. Perhaps, some day you may hear of it, and do me justice."

The next morning, long before sunrise, Claude and his few followers were in the saddle, and without further leave-taking had turned their backs on Delancy Castle.

It was near high noon on the third day after leaving Delancy Castle, that Claude with his little troop slowly wended his way up a long hill, near the border, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. For three days he had kept unobserved between the Lady Blanche and the Scottish frontier, maintaining a constant look-out; but during the last twenty-four hours his scouts had lost sight of her cavalcade, though Claude still believed it to be on the English side of the route he was pursuing. Suddenly, however, on attaining the brow of the hill, he saw before him in the valley a thick cloud of dust, from which gleamed occasionally the glitter of helmet and arms, while the clash of weapons in a fray and the shouts of combatants rose to his ear softened by the distance. A momentary breeze that swept aside the dust revealed the banner of Lord Waltham; and the thickest of the fight appeared to be amid a group of women guarded by men-at-arms. But it was evident that the British had the worst of the conflict and must soon have given way. Even as he paused, the triumphant shouts of the Scots swelled on the air, for the banner of Lord Waltham was in the dust.

Claude ran his eye hastily over his little force, numbering not one-third that of the assailants; but he knew they would stand by him to a man.

"Have at them, my bold fellows," he said. "England to the rescue. A Marston—a Marston!" and thus shouting his war-cry, at the head of his gallant band, and with his lance in rest, he galloped down upon the foe.

Overpowered by numbers, and worn out by a desperate resistance, the few knights and men-at-arms who remained with the Lady Blanche—for long before Lord Waltham, deeming the battle lost, had put spurs to his steed and fled from the field—were on the point of giving up the contest, when they were cheered by a well-known war-cry that rose even over the din of the conflict, and brought comfort and hope to their fainting bosoms. At the same instant looking up, they saw the young knight thundering down the hill, his long white plume streaming behind him, and his followers furiously galloping in his rear.

"St George for merry England! Stand fast awhile longer, brave gentlemen," said the knight on whom the command had devolved. "and the day will yet be ours. A Neville!" he shouted, dashing his spurs into his steed and charging into the heart of the foe, where, with his huge sword, he laid about him right manfully.

"A Douglas. For God and St Andrew—A Douglas—a Douglas!" was the response of the foe.

But now, like a torrent sweeping down the hill, like a whirlwind careering over the plain, the little band of Claude, with fixed lances, burst full upon the foe, who, turning like a wild boar at bay, fiercely confronted this new enemy. The shock was like the meeting of two opposite waves in the mouth of a tide-way. For a moment both assailants and assailed shook in their saddles, but the impetuous charge of Claude's weighty men-at-arms, soon bore down the lighter horsemen of the Scots, whose prostrate forms were instantly ridden over by the victors as they pursued their career. Right on like an arrow, scattering ruin on this side and that—with his eye never losing sight for a moment of the white dress of the Lady Blanche—Claude Marston kept his course; and not until he stood at her side did he look back to see the enemy flying in every direction across the plain.

"The day is yours, Sir Claude," said Sir John Neville, her squire, "we had been lost but for your timely succor."

"Nay! Give the glory to God and the saints, who brought me up so opportunely. But see—your lady has fainted!"

It was even so; the Lady Blanche, after bearing all the horrors of the conflict, had, in the instant of victory, suddenly fainted away.

"There is an abbey but a mile hence, over the hill. She can find shelter there," said Sir John. "Luckily we have a litter with us. You, Sir Claude, guard her thither, while I see to the wounded."

"Nay, nay, let this be my task," said Claude; and notwithstanding every remonstrance, Sir John was forced to attend his mistress to the abbey.

The truth is, Claude did not desire to impose on Lady Blanche the painful task of returning him thanks, when he knew her heart must be a prey to the mortification consequent on Lord Waltham's flight. He, therefore, after he had seen the wounded carefully borne to the abbey gate, was about to pursue his journey without stopping, when a message was delivered from the Lady Blanche asking an interview. There was now no escape, and he alighted.

But Claude would have given worlds to have avoided the interview. He feared for his composure—feared that by some look or word he might betray his love; feared that the Lady Blanche would feel bound to speak boneyed words of thanks when she knew and scorned his suit.

The route to her apartments led through the garden, and as Claude was slowly pursuing his way, with his eyes bent on the ground, he heard a deep sigh near him. Looking up he found himself near the cloisters; and on a seat, only separated from him by some rose-bushes, was the Lady Blanche. She held something to her lips. Was he in a dream, or could it be the bunch of now faded flowers which he had once given her? He could not be mistaken. There was the well-known ribbon with which they were still tied. She murmured his name, too, as she kissed them. Without a second thought, carried away by the rapture of the discovery, Claude put aside the bushes and knelt before her, just as she rose from her seat, alarmed, surprised, and overcome with maidenly shame.

"I have long loved you," he said passionately. "Dear Lady Blanche, you do not despise my suit!"

She could not speak, but moved her hand for him to rise, and fell weeping into his arms.

We spare the blushes of the Lady Blanche; but, as her face lay hidden on the broad bosom of her lover, she confessed how long she had secretly loved him, and owned herself properly punished for her momentary flirtation; for the Lady Blanche had returned his affection even on that memorable morning when he gave her the rose-buds; woman's whim had prompted her words on that occasion; but, ever since, the little bouquet had been worn next her heart. Pride had kept her, however, from coming to an explanation until Claude's altered demeanor made her fear that his affections had changed.

They were married, Claude Marston and the Lady Blanche; but the craven Earl of Waltham was not even bidden to the wedding.

From Hood's Comic Magazine.

A DOSE.

"Ellen, you have been out."

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's Head?"

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—ran along the passage, and without his hat, or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. On he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the borough, heedless alike of a porter's load, baker's baske , and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that again," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder

"Mind where you're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles, which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them

But on, on, scampered the Teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little bold man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My Wife!—Poison!—and Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with great professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic, oxalic acid—corrosive sublimate"—and the Teetotaller was about to add pine-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms over night, the Teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elaphantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the Teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest, like a sum in the savings' bank."

Now, when the Teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated—more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither maccaroni, nor stick-liquorice, nor yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors that he had described—if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Borage, however, was not a woman to submit, quietly, to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent, so, with a vigorous kick and a push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, looking at her very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. Burrage, who would have added "stick," but the doctor watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth, not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the Teetotaller, confining her hands, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen, "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat, besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," answered the doctor.

"Arsnic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquafortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well what?'

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall," screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter.

"No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! what?"

"Why, then—I've took the PLEDGE!"

Upwards of 1,000 sailors have signed the pledge of the Marine Washington Total Abstinence Society of Charleston, S. C., during the past year—in several instances whole crews, from the captain down.